

## Junior Prom 2.0 by kittenCorrosion

**Series:** [Stranger Teens \[2\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M, basically they're going to be running for their lives by the end of it haha, don't drink the spiked punch kiddos, el and mike are friggin adorable, it's only T because of language, lucas and dustin have a bonding moment, this prom is crazy, WILL DOES A THING

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jennifer Hayes, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers, anonymous football player prom king

**Relationships:** Eleven/Mike Wheeler

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**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

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**Summary:**

It's prom night, and while El and Mike are reaching new milestones on the dance floor, their friends are finding their own ways to make the night memorable.

alternate ending to "Don't Dream It's Over"

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### Author's Note:

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU READ THE STORY:

if you have read "don't dream it's over", one of my previous stories, the beginning of this one is literally copy and pasted over here, BUT with an alternate ending.

it was brought to my attention that the ending on that one was not as satisfactory as it could have been, so i wanted to write what i had imagined happening outside of el and mike and what happens to lucas, dustin, and will. so i did, but you'll have to scroll down a bit past the song lyrics to get there.

if you haven't read that story, then you can disregard this and just go for it. i hope you like it because i had soooo much fun writing it haha.

Spring, 1988

Mike was pretty sure he had sweat all the way through his cummerbund. Collapsing into a metal folding chair, he reached behind him and managed to pull the damn silk waistband off, throwing it onto the table with the rest of his friend's belongings. He almost moaned in relief as air finally reached his waist, cooling him down several degrees in an instant.

It sure as hell hadn't been his idea to wear it, but his mother insisted that he wouldn't be going to his Junior Prom without one. It was a pale blue, going nicely with his dove grey (rented) tux, and matched his date's dress perfectly. He looked back over at the dance floor where he had left her, saying he needed to sit for a minute, and spied her surrounded by his three friends.

El had grown so much since the night they had found her four years ago. Not just physically, though she definitely had, Mike thought with a gulp, but socially, going from a terrified twelve year old to a bright-eyed sixteen year old who could be the life of the party.

He smiled affectionately, watching as Lucas tried to teach her to moonwalk, Michael Jackson style. She almost had it, but then tripped over her heels, falling backwards and into Will and Dustin, who managed to catch her before she hit the floor. They all started laughing and Mike could imagine her giggle, light and tinkling like wind chimes on a summer breeze. She spun and swayed to the music, shoulder-length, honey-brown hair swishing around her face, the flashing lights igniting her smile.

God, she was beautiful. He wiped his sweaty palms on his pants, still not believing that after all this time she would still choose to be his friend. Ever since the first time they'd walked through the woods and she'd understood his insecurity and shared a smile, he had known he loved her. Maybe not that exact sentiment, but he even at that young age he knew that it was impossible to imagine life without her. They had stayed close these past few years, dancing around what everyone else knew, calling each other friend but acting liking something a bit more. It was always Mike that she turned to, when the nightmares closed in and she couldn't breathe. Whose shoulder she rested her head on when the campaign ran too long into the night, whose hand she held in the dark of the movie theater, whose lips she kissed when there were no words satisfying enough to chase away her fears. More than anything he wanted to tell her, to ask her if she would—

“Mike.”

Her voice startled him. He had been so deep in his thoughts he hadn't noticed the music get slower and the lights dim. She was standing in front of him now, smiling, one hand reached out in invitation, and he jumped up and took it, letting her lead him back towards the dance floor.

“Enjoying the dance, Frogface?” Troy's voice sneered at them as they passed the table he sat at with his date. El glanced at him, then Mike, clearly annoyed. Her eyebrow twitched and the cup of red (spiked)

punch in Troy's hand suddenly flew free, arcing perfectly to splatter all over him and his date. The girl shrieked at him in disbelief and Mike and El continued to stroll past, smothering snickers and grins.

They made their way onto the dance floor and El reached up, wrapping her arms around his neck comfortably. He flushed as he set his hands on her waist, the flowy pale blue fabric of her dress swirling around their legs as they swayed. The song ended and another slow one came on, the guitar and melody familiar.

*There is freedom within*

*there is freedom without*

*Try to catch a deluge in a paper cup*

He looked down at her, her eyes shut as they moved in time to the beat and his heart clenched in his chest. She was his deluge, overfilling his life in the best way. Trying to imagine what life would be like without her, if she hadn't saved them, if she hadn't come back that freezing February night... it hurt too much. Going back to those weeks without her, when everything was black and grey, when he felt like he was trapped in a small room that kept getting smaller, he could only hope it never came to that again.

*There's a battle ahead*

*many battles are lost*

*But you'll never see the end of the road*

*While you're traveling with me*

Almost as if she could sense him, El opened her eyes lazily, gazing up at him with those hazel-browns that could melt him in an instant. She beamed up at him, eyes dancing and curious.

“What are you thinking about?” Her voice was soft, but she tickled the back of his neck with her fingers playfully. He hesitated.

“I just can’t believe you’re here with me right now,” he murmured back, shifting his hands on her waist. Her expression grew quizzical, eyebrow raising.

“Where else would I be?” She asked, curious. He glanced away, swallowing nervously.

“In the Upside Down. In a lab somewhere.” Her eyes widened at his words and he continued quickly. “Or even worse, you could be here but... with someone else.” He saw her eyes soften and she snorted softly, shaking her head.

“Why would I want to come here with someone else?” She looked down at the floor shyly and his mouth was suddenly dry, heart thumping. “Mike, if I go anywhere, I’d want it to be with you.”

They swayed to the music as her meaning sunk in, faces flushed.

*Hey now, hey now*

*Don't dream it's over*

*Hey now, hey now*

*When the world comes in*

*They come, they come*

*To build a wall between us*

*We know they won't win*

Mike racked his brain for some way, the best way, to tell her what he felt. How badly he wanted to be hers, how much he wanted to selfishly steal her away, to some place quiet and safe where he could bask in the glow that was her existence. Despite the Bad Men and the monsters and the bullies and years, they had still managed to make it here, arms wrapped around each other.

With sudden boldness he pulled her closer to him, stooping his head to kiss her, one hand coming up to press against her shoulder blades, holding her there. She kissed him back without hesitation, fiercely, eyes closing, hands around his neck pulling him down, closer. This was different from the chaste kisses they'd shared before, given for reassurance or comfort. This kiss was full of something else, a need, a want, a question he'd been wanting to ask for months.

They parted, gasping slightly at this new discovery.

&&

Across the room, sitting around the table, Dustin leaned over and elbowed Lucas, nodding towards Mike and El on the dance floor.

"Bet you your new Batman comic that he finally does it tonight." Lucas and Will gave him semi-disgusted looks and he quickly backtracked. "Not *that* you perverts! I meant he finally asks her out. Jesus."

Lucas reassessed the situation, staring at the swaying couple studiously, then shook his head.

"I'm not betting you anything because you're totally right. He's gonna do it."

Will almost dropped the cup of water he was holding, face incredulous.

"Are you two actually agreeing on something?" He clutched his chest dramatically, faking a heart attack out of shock and both Dustin and

Lucas smacked his arms at the same time, then looked at each and other snickered.

“It can happen,” Dustin said, shrugging and downing his third cup of punch. He scrunched up his nose as he set the cup down. “Man, whoever made this stuff knows nothing about mixing beverages properly.” He grabbed what was probably Mike’s cup, still full of punch, and downed that too. Lucas and Will exchanged a look.

“You know that shit is probably spiked, right?” Lucas snorted, not wanting to believe his friend was that naive.

Dustin glanced down at the collection of empty, red-stained cups in front of him and shook his head disbelievingly. “If it was spiked, I’m pretty sure I would have noticed.” He stood, heading for the punch bowl again. “And I’m still thirsty.”

Lucas watched him go and rolled his eyes at his moronic friend. He glanced over at Will, noticing him staring at a table a few rows away.

Jennifer Hayes sat, looking bored, an oversized, tacky tiara sitting on her head, playing with the bright magenta sash that read “PROM QUEEN” that was hanging over her shoulder. The prom king was sitting next to her, gesturing wildly to his pack of meatheads, while his queen looked longingly out at the dance floor where couples were slowly swaying. Will was fixated, and Lucas broke his concentration the only way he knew how.

“Oh *hell* no, Will. Do you want to get your ass beat by the entire football team?!”

Will glanced over at him, adjusting his black bow tie distractedly, and shrugged.

“I mean, didn’t you guys tell me she cried at my funeral?”

Dustin chose that moment to come back, setting down no less than five cups of punch with a soft *thud!*, looking pleased with himself. If he had managed to spill any, it wouldn’t show up on his bright red tuxedo anyways, a fact he seemed proud of. He sat down, then looked at his friends, noticing the slight tension.

“What’s happening?”

Before Lucas could speak, Will snagged a cup of punch and chugged it, throwing the cup back onto the table and then stood, marching away determinedly towards the prom queen. Lucas and Dustin watched, eyes wide, jaws dropped, as he casually walked up to Jennifer and said hi. She looked up at him, eyes brightening, and smiled, saying something they couldn’t make out. He held out his hand and she stood and took it, glancing over at her distracted king for a second before gladly following him away from the table and onto the dance floor, smartly disappearing into the crowd of dancing couples. The two friends let out a breath they didn’t know they were holding, and then Lucas turned to Dustin, face completely shocked.

“I can’t believe he got away with it.” With a defeated sigh he reached over and snatched up one of the other cups of punch, taking a swig, making a face, and then drinking some more. He hadn’t told the other guys about how he’d struck out, but in a sudden burst of tired courage he confessed to Dustin.

“I asked four different girls to prom,” he paused to take another swig, “all of them said no.”

Dustin, who was nursing his own cup, gave him a sidelong glance, then shrugged, deciding there was nothing to lose.

“I was too afraid to ask any girls.”

“But didn’t you tell use you asked Brenda Fa-”

“I lied.”

They both sat in silence for moment, pondering each others’ confessions. Lucas didn’t have to explain that it was because most of the girls were afraid of letting him show up at their house on prom night, what their parents would think. His parents told him how bad it used to be, that he was lucky he could even go to school with his friends compared to a few decades earlier. It didn’t make the sting of prejudice hurt any less, though.

Dustin didn’t have to explain either. The front teeth he’d managed to



grow since they were twelve were his pride and joy, but nothing could really ever erase the embarrassment of growing up being “Toothless Henderson”, every girl’s kissing nightmare. He’d stopped trying, figuring out long ago that it was easier than being rejected. He glanced over at his friend.

“Would you be happier if you’d have come with a girl?”

Lucas paused, then cracked a smile, snorting his cynical laugh out through his nose.

“Probably not.”

“Me either.”

Dustin held out his cup of punch and Lucas tapped it with his own, spilling some of the bright red liquid onto the silky white tablecloth. They sat in a comfortable silence as the tables around them slowly emptied, the music starting to speed back up from it’s slow beats. Will appeared suddenly, alone, and sped over to the table, sitting down and breathing heavily. His hair was a bit mussed, the skin around his mouth stained with suspicious, bright-pink lip prints. The “PROM QUEEN” sash was dangling around his neck in place of his bowtie. They all exchanged looks, Lucas’s eyebrow raised, Dustin barely able to keep himself from laughing.

“So, uh, what have you guys been up to?” Will practically squeaked, trying to act casual.

Dustin lost it and then they were all laughing, tears pouring down their faces, gasping for air, the metal chairs squeaking as they rolled around in their seats. They calmed a bit and Will picked up a napkin and tried to wipe the lipstick off of his face, making them all break down again as it failed miserably. They were still laughing when Mike appeared, El following close behind, stars in their eyes, hands entangled. Mike sat down and El joined him, plopping into his lap unceremoniously, almost overturning the chair. He managed to balance it, looking somewhat surprised but not displeased, reaching up to wrap his arms around her waist and hold her steady. Once they had settled, and the boys managed to calm themselves, Lucas pointed at Will’s face, hair, and new tie. Mike put the picture together in

about ten seconds and busted out laughing.

“Are you serious? How are you still in one piece?”

They all shook their heads and started chortling again. El took a bit longer to figure it out, her social cues still a bit rough, but as she read the sash and took in the bright pink lipstick stains her eyes grew huge and she hastily looked around the gym, expecting to see a mob of angry teenage boys heading their way.

“Will...” She was incredulous but also was starting to break down, snorting out a laugh, at the hilarity of it all, “did you really...?”

The snorts and snickers grew louder again and Will hushed them as the table next to them looked over and glared.

“Shhhh, guys. Do you want them to find me?” He was smiling, but also glancing around nervously, very much aware that he could be found out in a heartbeat. They somehow managed to quiet themselves and it took all of five seconds for Dustin to look at Mike and El, who were still cozily cuddled on the the chair, and blurt out,

“So are you guys finally dating?”

Mike flushed crimson, but a small smile played around his lips. He glanced at El and opened his mouth to answer but she beat him to it.

“Yes!”

Her smile almost lit up the room, and she turned it towards Mike, who couldn't not smile back. She bent her head down to kiss him, wrapping her arms around his neck possessively, and he kissed back, squeezing her waist.

Lucas and Dustin high-fived and Will let out a little “whoo-hoo!” in celebration, but as the newly-official couple deepened the kiss into borderline face-sucking territory, they all let out a collective “ewwww”.

“You have to let her breathe, man.” Dustin quipped, and Mike snorted, unable to help himself, ending the moment. El made no move to leave his lap but adjusted herself to a more comfortable

position, face glowing, eyes lit by the twinkle lights above them. Mike looked up at her with an unabashed adoration, his eyes matching her glow for glow. They weren't prom king and queen, or even the most well-dressed couple, but the way they were almost shining lit up the whole room.

Dustin gagged, somehow affectionately and pretended to stick a finger down his throat. Lucas tried to slap it away, but somehow managed to make Dustin jab his finger further, actually hitting his gag reflex. With a gurgle he choked and then puked, bright red liquid shooting across the table, soaking the tablecloth.

At that same instant someone behind Will shouted, "Hey! Byers!", and he turned around, looking straight up into the face of the disgruntled prom king. The football player took one look at the pink sash around Will's neck and his whole face turned the color of Dustin's vomit. His hands reached out for Will but instead he grasped thin air as the less-inebriated boy dodged and leaped from his seat. Lucas managed to grab the back of Dustin's tuxedo and haul him upright, while Dustin was still dealing with what he'd just done. El had jumped up from Mike's lap, and Mike had quickly stood too, reaching for her hand to pull her away. The angry jock grunted in anger and swung, this time aiming directly for his prey. El's head jerked to the side, and he missed, foot sliding on an invisible liquid, losing his balance and tripping over himself to land on the floor. There was a breath of silence.

"RUN!"

In the days that would follow they would argue over who it was who actually gave the command, but no one could ever figure it out. It worked, however, and the five friends split, El barely managing to grab her small purse that contained the car keys before racing for the gym exit, Mike's hand pulling her along behind him. Will weaved through the tables, his smaller frame making it easy to dodge and outpace the angry teenager steaming after him. Dustin and Lucas were trying to throw chairs and napkins and anything they could get their hands on behind them as they ran, slowing down their pursuer. Mike made it to the station wagon first and El tossed him the keys, sliding into the passenger seat, and looking over her shoulder as the other three followed.

Almost as if in slow-motion, Lucas hit the side of the car, managing to rip open the door and leap inside. Dustin came after, jumping in, and then finally Will, who literally dove into the car and on top of the others. El slammed the door shut with her mind and Mike slammed on the gas, accelerating the car out of the school parking lot and onto the road. He glanced into the rear view mirror and caught sight of the angry figure behind them, gesturing wildly but shrinking as he drove further away.

The car was silent except for the sounds of their collective heavy breathing.

“So that was fun but... can we stop at McDonald’s? I’m starving.” Dustin’s voice piped up from the back, where he lay in a pile of tuxedos and limbs.

Mike had to pull over he was laughing so hard, but they made it to the fast-food restaurant and sat around talking about how cool it was when El made Mr. Prom King (how did none of them know his name?) eat the floor and then their last campaign and the new Indiana Jones movie coming out and what homework was due on Monday. El fed Mike his fries and then Dustin finished his food and then everyone else’s food and as they dropped him off at his house, he summed up the night in a way only he could.

“Best. Fucking. Prom. Ever!”

Mike had already dropped off Lucas and headed for the Byers’s next. Will said a quick, “night guys” before scurrying into the house to give his adopted-sister and her new boyfriend some privacy. Mike got out of the car and walked around to the passenger’s side where El already stood, leaning with her back against the station wagon, staring up at the velvet sky. His heart quivered in his chest as he watched her, coming up and leaning against the car, pausing to follow her gaze to the stars. She rested her head on his shoulder and he reached over and grabbed her hand, rubbing his thumb gently across her knuckles. A few minutes passed as they stood there, watching the stars.

“Mike?”

“Yeah, El?”

“I love you.”

They'd already said it once that night, but it didn't stop his heart from dancing in his chest. He pulled her towards him and she came easily, wrapping her arms around his waist and snuggling into his chest. He held her tightly to him, placing a kiss on the top her head, breathing her in like she was oxygen and he had just come up for air. She pushed away from him a bit and he reluctantly loosened his grip. He stopped minding because she tilted her head up and kissed him and he kissed back and it was tender and needy and quiet and different and so *right*.

Pausing to take a breath, they both gasped a bit when they realized they were floating about a foot off the ground. The full moon chose that moment to peek out from behind the clouds and illuminate the front yard, and when El looked up at him, it took his breath away. Her hazel-brown eyes were glowing, the luminescence of the moon and the stars shining up at him in adoration. She looked down suddenly, slightly embarrassed, and Mike finally managed to suck in the breath he didn't realize he was holding. They gently returned to earth and El glanced up at him apologetically.

“S-Sorry.” She wiped her nose with the back of her hand. “I didn't know I was doing that.”

He shook his head.

“I mean, I thought it was kind of awesome...” He tried to think of a compliment, something that could capture just how much she meant to him, how beautiful she was, how she made his heart race and his palms sweat, but he failed miserably, “...like you.” He finished lamely, immediately berating himself for being the worst boyfriend ever.

She just laughed softly and reached up to play with his inky hair, her hand slowly sliding down, tracing his freckles, her eyes unreadable but soft.

*He's so pretty*, she thought as she stroked his cheek. Over the years she'd learned different words for it, handsome, gorgeous, stunning, but she always came back to that word, the one that just seemed to

fit him best. He flushed despite himself, his arms still wrapped her around her, still struggling to find words. He had always been the one who knew what to say, but she left him so damn speechless, unable to put together the sentences that could begin to describe her and how she made him feel.

“El...” He started, still searching, trying to come up with something, “You... you’re the- I mean like, you... without you I wouldn’t even...” She had one eyebrow raised and his mouth went dry and he barely sputtered out, “y-you’re perfect, El.”

This time she threw her head back and laughed outright, but before he could be embarrassed and stutter even more, she saved him like she always did, like she always would.

“Just shut up and kiss me, Mike.”

So he did.

#### **Author's Note:**

the crackfic (it's just a ridiculous au fic heh) is next in the que to go up, so i hope you all like circuses. oh my god.

p.s. i still love your comments and ideas! i'm open to requests because my inspiration is lacking a bit. thank you all. <3